

EXCUSES

I'm going to fly kites in Canterbury Cathedral. Maybe the Archbishop will yell at me. I'll just tell him more things are non-existent than existent. But then, that's ridiculous.

I don't know. I just want to have a five-color enameled statue of the Three Stooges to go along with my magic coin that when you turn it over and then back again it has a different person's face on it every time.

THE LOST SENSES

The lost senses knew they would find their way home. They knew Sense of Direction was out looking for them somewhere on his bicycle. And they knew that though the rusted muffler they found in the road offered no clue, they couldn't be as far away as it seemed. And though there were dips and hills and uninteresting residential places they knew they would at last get back to Strength and Touch and Balance and all the others.

WAITING IN LINE AT LENIN'S TOMB

We are waiting in line to see Lenin in his tomb. Many of us are waiting in line. A berserk Russian youth with bushy eyebrows stares at me intently. I look away although I know he's still staring. It's snowing. Stalin is there. He's waiting in line but nobody notices him. A young soldier from WWI is there. He's black and white. He's about eighteen and he's taking the afternoon off from the photograph where he's been stationed. My living room is there. Again nobody notices. The lamp, the chair, the couch, the tv, we're all waiting to see the wax shell of Lenin. It's Christmas time and Lenin has colored twinkle lights inside of him this time of year.

-- Tony Powell

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